In the woods, too, a man casts off his years, as the snake his slough

In the woods is perpetual youth

In the woods we return to reason and faith

All mean egotism vanishes

I become a transparent eyeball

The greatest delight which the fields and woods minister is the suggestion of an occult relation between man and the vegetable.

Nature always wears the colors of the spirit

Envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string

Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members

The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion

Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds

To be great is to be misunderstood